

# JEAN ELIOT'S WEEKLY CHRONICLE OF CAPITAL SOCIETY

## Society Sad As Weather Halts Garden Parties

“OD evidently hasn't got much use for a garden party.” At this time of the year garden parties—most of them “for the benefit of”—are society's favorite outdoors sport; and naturally the weather, when it behaves so badly as it has this season, comes in for considerable “tossing and discussing.” Consequently, I decided that the speaker, pretty Mrs. Reeve Lewis, was right, particularly as she then stood under a dripping oak tree struggling to hold an umbrella over herself and a huge, aspiring cluster of gay red and blue and green and gold balloons.

She went on to explain laughingly that down in Mexico whenever the Protestants were trying to give a party and it rained the natives, being almost to a man Roman Catholics, jeered—“A-ah-ah! You see! The good Lord, He doesn't like you Protestants! He makes the rain on your fete!” Here it would take a very prejudiced observer to decide that the good God has any preference. He seems to play no favorites. It rains alike upon the just and the unjust. And then, as though to explode a perfectly good theory, comes a succession of days literally made for garden parties—and at least one garden party for each day.

It was at the Cathedral Close on Tuesday on the occasion of the garden party for the benefit of the House of Mercy that I encountered Mrs. Lewis and her balloons and even this fete, despite its bad beginning, came to a triumphant close. The prayers of the rigorous hostess have availed much for the showers of rain, and they really manage in spite of the weather to have a very successful party there at St. Alban's. The grounds were crowded all afternoon and it was a high testimonial to the esteem in which the work of the House of Mercy is held that so many of the really notable people of Washington made their way out to the Cathedral in spite of threatening skies.

A good many came late, having taken the suggestion that they could go to “The Craft of the Torso” and still be in time for the garden party and many took advantage of the delicious salads, ices, etc., which were served by a corps of pretty girls under Mrs. Lee Phillips' direction to make a sort of a picnic supper under the trees. The House of Mercy's annual party is the one benefit for which the Bishop allows the lovely grounds of the Cathedral to be used and this gives an added lullip of interest to the event.

### Weather Man Finally Smiles

Not even the most confirmed pessimist could cavil at the weather which smiled upon the outdoor festivities of the week. Yesterday there were two garden parties, one out at Mrs. Horace MacFarland's and the other at “Arlie,” the Rudolph Kauffman's estate on the edge of Rock Creek Park. Neither of these, as it happens, was a benefit. Mrs. MacFarland was “just for instance” and the Kauffman's were entertaining the members of the Washington Society of the Archaeological Institute. The regular members are over for the season. But Mr. and Mrs. Kauffman's roses, too, are in bloom, and they expressed a desire to entertain the society—why, the society was more than delighted to be entertained. The British Ambassador and Lady Geddes were the special guests of the organization, which numbers many of the most prominent men and women in Washington among its members.

There were likewise two garden fetes on Thursday quite as diverse as the two of yesterday—General Pershing's delightful reception at “Highwood” and “The Birthday Party” in the garden of the Rectory of St. Thomas' Church. The latter function was given by the Rectory's Aid Society and was in the nature of a silver tea, each guest being asked to contribute as many pennies as her or she could—namely, 100 pennies in default of telling one's age.

General Pershing's reception, the first big general party he has attempted since his return from France, was a sort of an outdoor festival.

Dresses, Suits, Coats **Schwartz** For Street, Informal and Sport Wear

Marvelous Reductions of Feminine Wearing Apparel Unusual Quality Dresses

Every woman who delights in fine apparel and wishes at the same time to make a saving on her purchases should take note of this sale. Dresses for street, afternoon and other occasions. Tricotines, Poppy Skin Taffetas, Georgettes.

Priced from \$25.00 to \$55.00

Remarkable Value in Suits Because we are determined to close our suit stock this extraordinary sale has been prepared for Tuesday. Practically every suit included is marked below the regular wholesale cost.

Priced from \$35.00 to \$60.00

The Shop of Sensible Prices 922 14th St. N.W.



MISS ELEANOR BECKHAM, Daughter of Senator and Mrs. J. C. W. Beckham, a “Sweet Girl Graduate.”



MRS. JOUETT SHOUSE, Wife of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. She will accompany Her Husband to the Democratic Convention in San Francisco.



MISS GLADYS BENNETT, Of Denver, Who Visited Miss Virginia McKenney Early Last Winter and Has Recently Been “Playing a Return Engagement.”



MISS FRANCES MURRAY, Daughter of Col. and Mrs. Peter Murray, Who Has Been Visiting Gen. and Mrs. Chase Kennedy in Panama.



MRS. GEORGE F. MAHOOL, Who Will Spend the Summer at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., With Her Mother, Mrs. Charles Helmholtz.

and the tea table was laid in the dining room, but the gardens were there and, since the afternoon was divine, the guests soon wandered out onto the broad verandas and into the winding paths.

“Highwood” is the big place out Chevy Chase way that General Pershing leased from Mrs. Henry C. Corbin soon after his return last fall—thereby starting fresh rumors as to his matrimonial intentions. Which were only half quieted when Mrs. Warren—his “stepmother-in-law,” I guess she is—confided to her nearest friends—who in turn confided it to theirs, that so far as she knew—(and, as she was getting necessary furnishings and hiring servants and generally putting the place in commission, she probably came pretty close to knowing)—the General expected to occupy it with his family and his staff, and had no intention of installing a mistress there. She seems to have been right—and last Thursday it was she who played hostess for him and welcomed all Washington as it swarmed under the trees to the lovely grounds of the Cathedral to be used and this gives an added lullip of interest to the event.

The Committee for Relief in the Near East, of which Mrs. Cabot Stevens is the head, is having a double benefit to raise funds to carry on its appealing work. Festivities began with a bridge party and lawn fete at Twin Oaks, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Bell's country estate, on Friday afternoon, and will wind up tomorrow night with a concert and ball at Wardman Park Hotel. If the latter is as pleasant as the former, it will be a genuine treat—and it should be, for there are sundry artists of note on the program, Miss Helen Kanders, of the Metropolitan Opera, among 'em. There is every promise of a brilliant attendance at the ball.

I've seldom seen anything prettier than the fete, for Twin Oaks is a heavenly spot at this time of year, and there was a great deal of charm about the way picturesque booths were scattered about on the lawn, which slopes sharply down to a wee bit of a pond. There must have been fifty or sixty tables of bridge, and a good many people motored out after the card party was over to patronize the various other attractions.

Major George Oakley Totten, Jr., has invitations out for a small garden party at his studio house in Sixteenth street on Monday evening, June 7, which gives promise of being one of the pleasantest festivities of the spring. And there'll be dancing and at ten o'clock Major Totten is putting on a musical play—not “Robin Hood,” as I have been told, but “In Sherwood Forest,” something quite new and written by Mrs. Edouard Albion. It's not pretentious, only one act, but very melodious and should be a delightful thing in such a charming setting.

The singers are for the most part professionals, with a few talented amateurs. The leading roles are to be sung by Louis Thompson, tenor,

Arthur Deibert, bass, and Miss Abby Morrison, soprano. Miss Morrison is a well known New York society girl and has a lovely voice. Mr. Albion is training the chorus and Miss Imogen Stockett is teaching the Morris dances which will be a feature of the little production.

The garden parties began as far back as last week, the Speaker of the House and Mrs. Frederick H. Gillett giving a more or less al fresco party at Grasslands, perhaps Washington's most exclusive country club, on Sunday last. The guests were the members of the House and their womenfolk. And people are still talking about the beauty and artistic interest of the Washington Opera Company's May fete at the Chevy Chase School. The setting there was perfect, and the group of Czech-Slovak dancers brought down from New York at the instance of the Czech-Slovak charge d'affaires, Jan Masaryk, gave a performance that was remarkably beautiful and interesting. I've also heard much comment upon the lovely living pictures, reproductions of famous masterpieces, which were given in the pretty little sylvan theater. They were arranged by Franklin Barber, painter and miniaturist, and a half-dozen pretty girls took part.

I don't suppose Mrs. Colby had any idea of having her reception on Monday an al fresco party. But she has a pleasant as the former, it will be a genuine treat—and it should be, for there are sundry artists of note on the program, Miss Helen Kanders, of the Metropolitan Opera, among 'em. There is every promise of a brilliant attendance at the ball.

I've seldom seen anything prettier than the fete, for Twin Oaks is a heavenly spot at this time of year, and there was a great deal of charm about the way picturesque booths were scattered about on the lawn, which slopes sharply down to a wee bit of a pond. There must have been fifty or sixty tables of bridge, and a good many people motored out after the card party was over to patronize the various other attractions.

In addition, of course, the diplomats were numerous present. The tea was by way of being a compliment to the younger members of the corps who could not be included when Mrs. Colby entertained the chiefs of missions and the ladies of their families some weeks ago; but a good many of the ambassadors and ministers were present on this occasion also—the French Ambassador and Mme. Jusseland, for instance; the Peruvian Ambassador and Mme. Pezet; the Argentine Ambassador, Dr. Elengren; the Minister of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes and Mme. Grouitch; Mr. Peter, the Swiss minister, and so on down the line.

The drawing rooms were thronged all afternoon and grew more crowded as the party progressed, for people have a way of lingering at the Colbys. Mrs. Colby has the faculty of making her guests feel immediately at home, and apparently she never forgets a

Drawing Rooms Thronged During Afternoon.

The drawing rooms were thronged all afternoon and grew more crowded as the party progressed, for people have a way of lingering at the Colbys. Mrs. Colby has the faculty of making her guests feel immediately at home, and apparently she never forgets a

Colby's Give First Official Dinner.

The Colbys gave their first official dinner on Wednesday evening, when they had the Rianos, the Mathieus and the Argentine Ambassador, Dr. Elengren, among their guests, and they are having another dinner on Tuesday. This time the Pezets and the Romanos will be “among those present,” and possibly others of the diplomatics. Incidentally, the Colbys would seem to have been in the thick of things at most of the parties of the week. The Spanish Ambassador and Mme. de Riano had a dinner for them on Tuesday, the Italian Ambassador and Baroness Romano and the Peruvian Ambassador and Mme. Pezet being among those asked to meet them. On Thursday they dined with Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh, whose party

“See Ets and See Better”

ETZ Optometrist 1217 G St. N.W.

face. She looked particularly well on Monday in one of the dignified and graceful black gowns which she seems to like best. By way of contrast, her eldest daughter, Miss Katherine Colby, who received with her, wore a flame-colored georgette frock. This was simply made, but banded with self-colored embroidery. Miss Colby's two visitors, Miss Nina Ryan and Miss Dorothy James, both had on gay frocks, and in consequence the “line” gave a charming effect of color. Miss Nathalie Colby, who presided at the tea table, with Mrs. Cary T. Grayson at the opposite end, had on a French blue costume, and the youngest daughter of the house, Miss Frances Colby, wore an extremely girlish frock of polka dot georgette in one of the new shades between a red and a pink. Mrs. Wilbur J. Carr, whose husband is Assistant Secretary of State as well as Director of the Consular Bureau, assisted Mrs. Colby.

Mrs. James went back to New York on Tuesday or Wednesday, Miss Ryan following her a day or two later, and now the Colbys have Miss Christina Sedgwick, a niece of Mrs. Colby, with them. She's the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Sedgwick, of New York, who are the present owners of “Sedgwick Mansion,” the beautiful old Colonial place at Stockbridge, Mass., which has come down to them from several generations of Sedgwicks. She's a niece of Ellery Sedgwick, of the Atlantic Monthly—the Ellery Sedgwicks live in Boston and have a summer place at Beverly, Mass.—and through her mother, a niece of Mrs. Charles MacVeagh, of New York, who is now visiting Mme. Grouitch, wife of the Minister of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes.

Mrs. MacVeagh lost her son some months ago—you may remember the tragic circumstances, how he was lost in the mountains near their summer home at Dublin, N. H., and succumbed to exposure and cold. Mrs. MacVeagh is doing no formal entertaining for her. However, she has been having old friends of her guest in for luncheon or dinner—Mrs. Gordon Cummings, for instance, and Franklin MacVeagh and other one or two at a time. Mrs. MacVeagh's husband, who is a member of the executive committee of the Serbian Aid Fund, I believe, a nephew of Franklin MacVeagh, and Mrs. Wayne MacVeagh, of Washington, is also a kinswoman of his.

But a truce to genealogy. Miss Sedgwick seems to be having a very good time on this, her first visit to Washington. The young people are going off on a picnic party which Col. and Mrs. Charles H. Patterson are arranging in the home. It's to be a motor picnic to some place up the Potomac, where lunch baskets will be unpacked, and the return trip will be made by moonlight. There'll be a lot of young people included and a few of their elders—the Croats, for example, and Mrs. MacVeagh—to play propriety.

Colby's Give First Official Dinner.

The Colbys gave their first official dinner on Wednesday evening, when they had the Rianos, the Mathieus and the Argentine Ambassador, Dr. Elengren, among their guests, and they are having another dinner on Tuesday. This time the Pezets and the Romanos will be “among those present,” and possibly others of the diplomatics. Incidentally, the Colbys would seem to have been in the thick of things at most of the parties of the week. The Spanish Ambassador and Mme. de Riano had a dinner for them on Tuesday, the Italian Ambassador and Baroness Romano and the Peruvian Ambassador and Mme. Pezet being among those asked to meet them. On Thursday they dined with Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh, whose party

VALENTINE-BAUER HAND LAUNDRY Lace Curtains Draperies, Blankets Gentlemen's Silk Shirts Ladies' Fine Garments Work Called for and Delivered 2443 18th St. N. W. Columbia 4802

was given in honor of the British Ambassador and Lady Geddes; and on Friday night they were the guests at the dinner which the Secretary of Agriculture and Mrs. Meredith had for the French Ambassador and Mme. Jusseland. Mrs. Walsh had another dinner on Friday.

The Jusselands had two parties during the week, one a dinner for Sir Auckland and Lady Geddes, and another luncheon for M. Paillevre, former premier of France, who was here for a brief visit. The departmental Maytime ball in honor of the Attorney General and Mrs. Palmer, was another interesting event on the program—“interesting” both because it was brilliant and because it set us wondering “why?” Mrs. Stephen B. McKim had several more or less informal parties during the week and the Undersecretary of State and Mrs. Frank L. Polk gave a dinner for the Russian Ambassador and Mrs. Bakmeteff.

The Polks, by the way, expect to leave town next week and, after spending a little time in New York, they will go on to Manchester-by-the-Sea, where they've leased a cottage for the summer. Mr. Polk is planning to devote three whole months to rest and recreation and won't think of taking up his business connections in New York until the autumn. He'll be greatly missed here and I believe the knowledge of how much he is needed would keep him at his post, despite his desire to return to private life, were it not for the fact that he is completely worn out. There is wide interest in the matter of the selection of his superior. The Polks' house, in Sixteenth street, has been let to the Swiss minister, Mr. Peter, for the legation, but he will not take possession thereof until after his return from Switzerland in the fall. He is going over—in fact, he sailed yesterday. I believe, to Belgium, and will bring her back with him.

Mrs. Colby has not made any definite summer plans yet, but will linger on here well into June if the weather doesn't get uncomfortably hot. The Carrs are planning a trip to Michigan—Mrs. Carr's old home—if he can be spared from his desk, and later she and her mother, Mrs. Ezra Koon, will go to the Berkshires, where they spend some weeks every summer. If Mr. Carr can't get away, Mrs. Carr and Mrs. Koon will probably start northward a little sooner, making the trip by motor.

Mrs. Elkins Is Not Going Abroad.

Mrs. Elkins tells me that she has not thought very much about summer plans yet, but that she is not going abroad, as has been rumored. In fact, she was a bit regretful about how gossip had been sending her off to a Spa, where she has never been, to take a cure she had never even heard of. She had a very delightful little dinner last Tuesday evening, gave a bridge party at the Chevy Chase Club on Wednesday, and on Thursday had a meeting at her house for the purpose of founding a Washington branch of the Serbian Aid Fund. Mrs. Elkins is chairman of the newly-formed chapter, with Mrs. Randolph Miner as vice chairman, and, of course, Mme. Grouitch is chairman of the national organization.

An American horn, she has been tremendously successful in organizing her countrywomen to work for

the rehabilitation of her adopted land, and there are branches of the Serbian aid in most of the important cities of the country. Her efforts in Washington, although from time to time a good deal of money has been contributed here to relief work in Serbia, and many individuals have worked faithfully for the cause.

At the beginning of the war Mrs. Charles Henry Butler, whose son was doctoring in Serbia, organized a Red Cross unit, which worked for the Serbians. Then, when the United States went into the war and Mrs. Butler and her aids transferred their interest to our own men, Mrs. Barrett Browning took up the work. In a quiet way she collected enormous quantities of clothing, as well as a good deal of money, for the Serbian sufferers, and she distributed wool to school children and other willing workers, so that a continuous stream of knitted garments went out to the poorly clad Serbian soldiers.

Now, however, Mrs. Browning has returned to her English home and will in future spend her winters in London, so the work here has lapsed. This state of affairs didn't at all suit the little group of women who have the interests of the Serbians at heart, so at their request Mme. Grouitch agreed to form a new chapter. Its special work is to be the raising of a fund to care for wounded and blinded Serbian soldiers. A good start was made at the meeting on Thursday, which was attended by over 100 people and at which a considerable sum was raised. It was a most inspiring occasion. Mme. Grouitch, who presided, was interesting and charming, as always, and Gen. Louis Grouitch, military attaché of the French embassy, made a really stirring address. Mrs. Frank Mcbane, of North Carolina, who has been staying at the Shoreham for a week or two, also spoke. She is a woman who knows the Serbian situation from actual experience, who speaks out of a full heart, and who has worked like a Trojan to help the sufferers from war's aftermath.

Propos of Serbia, I have recently heard that Miss Elizabeth Shelley, who was working in Serbia at the time of the Serbian invasion, had been sent to The Hague as an attaché of the American legation there. I don't know exactly what her position is, but I believe it is one herefore always held by a man and she is to have actual diplomatic rank. She is taking the little Serbian orphan—named Bojo, from the county where he was found—whom she has adopted, abroad with her, and will put him in a school in Belgium.

Miss Shelley is a daughter of the late General Shelley. She worked as a nurse with the Serbian army for many months and, if I'm not mistaken, remained at her post until she fell into the hands of the Germans and was sent by them out of the country. I know I'm a bit hazy about facts; but at any rate I remember hearing Mme. Grouitch tell the story of Miss Shelley's service in Serbia, as one of the greatest epics of the war.

Bryn Mawr Benefit Tea Dance Novel Affairs.

The tea dance at Rauscher's for the benefit of the Bryn Mawr endowment fund and the Congressional Club's last party for this season were among the numerous enjoyable events on the calendar yesterday. The club party, a luncheon followed by a presentation of flags by the various State delegations, was purely a family party—the club family, of course. Everybody, interested in Bryn Mawr, was invited to the tea dance and pretty

nearly everybody went, for a little while at least, despite such opposition as the garden party at Arlie and Mrs. MacFarland's party at her pretty little home in Chevy Chase.

The presentation of “The Craft of the Torso” at the Belasco on Tuesday didn't bring out the audience it deserved, perhaps because there were so many other things on the carpet. But the people who were there, and they were the cream of Washington's cosmopolitan society, had a genuine treat. Prof. Algren—Tassin has written a play that is suggestive of Bernard Shaw at his cleverest, and yet strongly marked with the author's individuality and the Drama League Players “got away with it” in truly professional style.

As the leading lady, Miss Grace Dothea Fisher, who has had the benefit of long professional training and who spent many months barnstorming in France for the A. E. F., gave a delightful performance. And Prof. Tassin played a leading role with fine appreciation for comedy values. I don't know that he has had actual professional experience on the stage, but I know I have heard so. But he knows the theater from the inside and he has taken part frequently in the sparkling little plays put on by way of amusement or for some favorable charity by New York's playfellow in collaboration with some of the talented amateurs with which New York abounds. And his work shows the result of this training. You know he directed the play in addition to writing it and playing an important part.

The other plays were competently taken, with Mrs. Evans Sewell's portrayal of “Liane” standing out as one of the high lights of the production. I had never heard of this daughter of “Fighting Bob” Evans going in before for theatricals, even of the amateur variety, but she proved herself an actress of no mean attainments, and there wasn't a point in the dialogue that she didn't bring out nor a gesture nor an expression to enhance the value of the role that she didn't make. Moreover, she had grace and stage presence and she made a bewildering lovely picture in her gorgeous medieval robes and her peaked golden headdress, with its flowing tulle veil. The gown was fashioned of a length of rare tomato red brocade, which was as rich in historic interest as it was in color, having been presented to Mrs. Sewell's father by the Emperor of China.

Inevitably that suggested the sale last week of the furnishings of the famous Evans home, down on Indiana avenue, and of many interesting souvenirs of the late admiral, best loved and most popular of the heroes of the Cuban war. His old home, in which until recently his daughters lived, has been sold to the Christ Child Society, and is to be turned into a settlement house. The furnishings were auctioned off with a room full of persons socially prominent, many of whom had been associated more or less closely with the doughty admiral.

A few days later I ran into Mrs. James Carroll Fraser in the same famous auction room, with a wonderful old camel's-hair scarf over her

arm. It had been dragged out of the depths of a cabinet and offered to an unsympathetic crowd—largely of lodging-house keepers, on the lookout for cheap and nasty furniture to refurbish their dingy rooms. Mrs. Fraser had bid on it, idly, without half seeing what it was. She realized that it was good looking, and thinking that it might make an extra evening wrap of which she conceived she stood in need, she bid it in for \$19—and was highly elated when she had an opportunity to examine the treasure to find out what a treasure it was. It was a long scarf, something over a yard wide and probably three long, fine and soft as silk, and of the most marvelous clear deep blue. It had a wide Persian “palm-leaf” border across each end and a narrow one running long the sides edges. It was hand-woven, of course, the sort of thing that could (but) possibly have been produced by an automatic machine—and altogether an exquisite affair. A shabby dealer who was standing near, a man who deals only in furniture and whose customers are not discriminating, said solemnly: “I congratulate you, madam. That shawl is worth easily \$500.” Mrs. Fraser was naturally tickled to tears, and abandoned her plan of cutting it up for a wrap. There was nothing to indicate it, but I felt confident that it came out of the Evans house and was overlooked at the sale two weeks before.

In his play Professor Tassin points out that through the ages woman has been forced to get what she wanted by dildling the men—to use a homely Scotch expression—and advances the theory that despite the fact that she has been given the vote—or more properly has gone out and taken it—she's likely to make use of her time honored and proven method of cutting it up for a wrap. There was nothing to indicate it, but I felt confident that it came out of the Evans house and was overlooked at the sale two weeks before.

Mrs. Dimock, who as president of the Victory Memorial Association for the benefit of which the play was given, had charge of the sale of seats and boxes, was ill and unable to be present. But I believe everybody else particularly interested in the Drama League was there. Mrs. Wilson entertained a box party—you know she's honorary president of the Memorial Association—and had Mrs. Helen Grouitch, Mrs. Edith Hammond, among her guests. Mrs. Burleson, the head of the Washington Center of the Drama League, was in the audience, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Sidney Burleson. Mrs. Grouitch had been helping Mrs. Dimock with the sale of the boxes, had a box herself and had the French Ambassador and Mme. Jusseland with her, as well as Mrs. A. D. Grouitch. Mrs. Dimock had a box party, with a number of the ladies of the diplomatic corps among her guests. And in the audience one noted the Japanese Ambassador and Mrs. Shidehara, Mrs. de Riano, the John Hays Hammonds, Miss Colby, Mrs. Warren Delano Robbins, Miss Louise Delano—but why go on?

Home Opera to Draw Big Audiences.

Beginning tomorrow, Washingtonians will present a week of Gilbert & Sullivan—“The Mikado,” for the first three nights, and “Pinafore” later in the week—at Poll's Theater for the benefit of the Salvation Army's home service fund.

The Junior League is co-operating with the Salvation Army to help make the week of opera a success socially as well as financially, and is rather specializing on the premier tomorrow evening, which is to be “diplomatic and society night.” Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh has taken two boxes, one of which she has turned over to the British Ambassador and Lady Geddes and the other to the Secretary of State and Mrs. Colby. The Bulgarian Minister and Mrs. Panaretoff also have a box. There is a distinguished list of patronesses—or rather a list of distinguished patronesses—and a group of Junior League girls, under the leadership of Miss Katherine Robinson, will sell programs.

Mrs. Walsh Organizing Convention Party.

Perhaps the most promising of all the convention parties I've heard about is the one that Mrs. Walsh seems to be organizing. She's going to Chicago to take in the Republican convention, and Dr. and Mrs. David Jayne Hull and Dr. and Mrs. William Miller Collier will be with her there—also Mrs. John Allan Dougherty, who has been with Mrs. Walsh all winter and who has just left town for Kansas City to make a little visit before the big show starts in Chicago.

The Vice President and Mrs. MacFarland will sell programs.

(Continued on Page Nineteen.)

**Straw and Panama HATS** For Men, Women and Children  
Cleaned, Bleached, Blocked and Retrimmed By Experts  
**VIENNA HAT FACTORY**  
“The Family Hatters”  
435 11th Street N. W.

**Furs Stored Free**  
If You Have Your Furs Repaired Now.  
Save 50% By Buying Your Furs Now  
We will store free until next Fall.  
All Chokers at Cost  
**Wm. Rosendorf**  
Manufacturing Furrier—Established 1909  
1213 G St. N. W. Opp. Dulin & Martin's

**VALENTINE-BAUER**  
HAND LAUNDRY  
Lace Curtains  
Draperies, Blankets  
Gentlemen's Silk Shirts  
Ladies' Fine Garments  
Work Called for and Delivered  
2443 18th St. N. W.  
Columbia 4802

**Schwartz** For Street, Informal and Sport Wear  
Marvelous Reductions of Feminine Wearing Apparel Unusual Quality Dresses  
Every woman who delights in fine apparel and wishes at the same time to make a saving on her purchases should take note of this sale. Dresses for street, afternoon and other occasions. Tricotines, Poppy Skin Taffetas, Georgettes.  
Priced from \$25.00 to \$55.00  
Remarkable Value in Suits  
Because we are determined to close our suit stock this extraordinary sale has been prepared for Tuesday. Practically every suit included is marked below the regular wholesale cost.  
Priced from \$35.00 to \$60.00  
The Shop of Sensible Prices  
922 14th St. N.W.